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HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE

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LICENSEES & MANAGERS : GEORGE GROSSMITH & J. A. E. MALONE

JAMES ELROY FLECKER'S
Poetic Prose Play

“HASSAN”

*Arranged for Production on
the Stage by BASIL DEAN*



The Play presented by
GEORGE GROSSMITH and J. A. E. MALONE
by arrangement with ReandeaN

PROGRAMME

Extracts from the Rules made by the Lord Chamberlain.—1.—The name of the actual and responsible Manager of the Theatre must be printed on every playbill. 2.—The Public can leave the Theatre at the end of the performance by all exit and entrance doors, which must open outwards. 3.—Where there is a fireproof screen to the proscenium opening it must be lowered at least once during every performance to ensure its being in proper working order. 4.—Smoking is not permitted in the auditorium. 5.—All gangways, passages and staircases must be kept free from chairs or any other obstructions, whether permanent or temporary.

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UPB

OPERA GLASSES MAY BE HIRED FROM THE THEATRE ATTENDANTS 6d EACH.

Who's Who

BEHIND THE FOOTLIGHTS
COMPILED BY EDWARD HOY

No. 224. — Mr. LADDIE CLIFF

BIRTHPLACE: Bristol.

BIRTHDAY: September 3rd.

CAREER: Mr. Laddie Cliff made his first appearance on the stage as a child with the Calvestos Concert Party at the Town Hall, Lerwick Shetland Isles. He subsequently appeared in London in the "Bluebeard" pantomime at the Crystal Palace, after which he was seen at the Tivoli and Oxford Music Halls. In 1900 he went to Australia, and in the following year visited America, his first appearance in New York being at the Colonial Music Hall. After a tour through the United States he re-appeared in New York at the Folies Bergeres. He also played at the Illinois Theatre, Chicago, in "To-night's the Night," in which piece he took the part of Henry. He subsequently toured in this play. On his return to England he appeared at Wyndham's Theatre in "His Little Widows" in the part of Pete Lloyd. His next engagement was at the Hippodrome in "Jig Saw," when he made a great success with the song "Swannie." He then joined the "Co-Optimists" at the Royalty and Prince of Wales' Theatres, and subsequently toured the provinces. He next played at the Shaftesbury Theatre in "Katinka," when he deputised for Mr. Joseph Coyne, during the latter's indisposition. His next engagement was at the Hippodrome in "Brighter London."

HOBBY: Writing.

CLUB: Eccentric.

HOROSCOPE: Successful. A keen intellect. A great reasoner. A wonderful memory. Excellent taste in dress. Daringly original.

COLOUR: Pink.

BIRTHSTONE: Emerald.

Next week's Who's Who: June

STAGE HANDWRITING

(Delineated by Calligro)

No. 224.—Mr. FRANK COLLINS

The handwriting of Mr. Frank Collins indicates histrionic ability and versatility. Decision of purpose and determination are shown. Literary talent is there, as is also the faculty of concentrating on the matter in hand and bringing it to a successful issue. Has a keen eye for effect and colour. The sense of configuration and appreciation of the beautiful and artistic in contour and outline are indicated. Prudence is there, together with a tendency to pay strict attention to details and small matters which count in the long run. Originality stands out very clearly in this handwriting.

Handwritten by: Mr. Henry Lytton

Theatrical Confessions

EDITED BY GEORGE HUMPHREY

No. 248. — Mr. FRED WRIGHT

Which is your favourite theatre?

Any but the Operating Theatre.

Which is your favourite play?

From baulk.

What is your earliest recollection?

Advising the world I was athirst.

Which is your favourite sport?

Providing for the old age of a bookmaker.

Which is your favourite hobby?

Trying to play golf by lifting my head.

Which are your favourite cigarettes?

The "Fag" of rehearsals.

What would you do to make London brighter?

Paint the ladies to match the lamp posts.

What is your ideal holiday?

"A jug"—"a loaf"—and no "Thon."

Who is your favourite tailor?

Mallaby & Deeley.

Which is your lucky day? Every day I

find myself still on this good old earth.

Which is your favourite restaurant?

Where everything is cold—except the ices.

Which is your favourite dish? Nightingales' tongues and honeybees' hips.

What is your greatest ambition?

Ambition? "By that sin fell the Angels."

Which is your favourite motto?

"Nil Desperandum."

When do you feel at your worst?

Before a mirror.

When do you feel at your best? When old pals call me "Young feller."

What would you do if you were Prime Minister for a day? Put D.O.R.A.'s husband in crêpe.

What is your opinion of bridge?

"Waterloo" or "Asinorum"?

What is your favourite pet?

Pet-rol.

What is your pet aversion?

Water in it.

What, if you were not connected with the stage, would you prefer to be? A bricklayer's valet.

Which is your favourite Christian name?

Bill—(enclosed).

FRED WRIGHT.

Next week's Confession: Mr. Reginald Sharland

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Stage Stories

BY NOTED THEATRICAL PEOPLE

No. 123

By Mr. WALTER PASSMORE

(reprinted from the "Pelt an Annual" by
an arrangement with Sir Charles Higham)

It was the celebrated London comedian's first tour of the provinces. That is to say, his first tour since he had become celebrated. He could remember the time when the provinces had claimed him—but now it was all so changed. He had got to London, somehow, and his provincial past was dead. So that when, after many years, he went on tour again it was as a London "star."

The big North-country city, which was the scene of the opening, was generally dubious about "Celebrated London comedians." But it took the latest to its breast. He was voted on the first night the funniest fellow seen for ages, and subsequent audiences, of course, laughed before he opened his mouth, and kept on laughing till curtain-fall. Some laughed all the way home, not alone at the funny things the actor said, but also at his extraordinarily comical "make-up." And his "make-up" was really a work of art. First of all there was a huge nose pasted on to the natural organ, and much reddened at the tip; then there was a long "trick" moustache that moved in all sorts of eccentric ways when the comedian willed; then the half-bald ginger wig, so absurdly natural-looking—who could help laughing?

Altogether the week was an enormous success, and when the curtain fell on Saturday night, the business manager of the theatre came round to chat about a return date. After many congratulations (with soda) he said, "There'll be a huge crowd at the station to see you off tomorrow. It's quite the custom here to cheer the successful 'star' as he leaves the city; in fact, there's nothing else to do here on a Sunday. Now, if you'll take my advice, you'll just modestly walk down to the train—no cab, carriage, or motor. Then you'll push through the crowd, and when they see who it is they'll simply eat you."

The "star" followed the manager's advice to the letter. He strolled down to the station the next morning, and selected what he thought was the psychological moment for his "entrance"—a minute before the special was timed to depart. There was indeed a big crowd on the platform, and it cheered wildly as every cab drove up. The "star" approached the edge of the people, and proceeded to push his way through. The first exclamation that greeted his ears was, "Where be'est you shoovin', mister?" To say

(Continued at foot of next column)

Snap Shots

FROM THE WORLD'S PAPERS

GUEST (to reception clerk): "Have you a room with running water?"

CLERK: "We did have, but we repaired the roof last autumn."—*Answers.*

AN OPTIMIST—An unmarried man contemplating marriage.

A PESSIMIST—A married man contemplating marriage.—*Judge* (New York).

"You say your wife is a great linguist?"

"She is."

"How many languages does she speak?"

"Oh, it's all one language."—*Tit-Bits.*

"How did you get to know your second husband?"

"Oh, it was he who ran over my first in his motor."—*Journal Amusant* (Paris).

PARSON (to small boy): "Hello, Johnny, how is your father going on?"

JOHNNY: "Oh, dad opened a shop the other day."

PARSON: "That's fine! What's he doing?"

JOHNNY: "Six months' hard. He opened it with a jemmy."—*Bristol Evening News.*

THE taxi swerved and skidded along the street, and the old lady was glad when she reached her destination. "You frightened me," she said. "It's the first time I've ever ridden in one of these taxis."

"You have my sympathy, ma'am," said the driver. "It's the first time I've ever driven one."—*Pearson's Weekly.*

WOMAN OF THE WORLD: "Never ask your husband for money."

YOUNG BRIDE (proudly): "I never have to, Charley's such a sound sleeper."—*Sydney Bulletin.*

THE CHAMPION SNAPSHOT.

As the parting instructions were being given, the fresh young commercial traveller picked up his bag and started on his initial trip. "Good luck to you," said his chief; "wire us important news."

The following day this message was received: "Reached here safely, good room with bath, feeling fine."

The manager wired back: "So glad, love and kisses, good-bye."—*London Opinion.*

that he was flabbergasted would be to put it mildly. He fell into the railway carriage, and pulled the blinds down. And yet, poor souls, they weren't to blame—they didn't know him without his funny make-up.

WALTER PASSMORE

Next week's Story by Mr. A. W. Baskcomb

Joe Miller's Jest Book

RESUSCITATED BY LESLIE HENSON

No. 25

ISN'T it strange that princes and kings,
And clowns that caper in sawdust rings,
And common folks like you and me,
Are builders for Eternity?
To each is given a bag of tools,
A shapeless mass, and a book of rules;
And each must make, ere life is flown,
A stumbling block, or a stepping stone.

SAID the young curate: "This drought is terrible. Don't you think we ought to pray for rain, vicar?" "I think," said the vicar, "that it may be safer to wait till it clouds over a bit before doing that."

ROBERT SMITH, brother of the witty Sydney Smith, was talking of his mother's physical perfections to Talleyrand. "Ah," said Talleyrand, "then it was your father who was the ugly one!"

TWO Irishmen were making arrangements about meeting each other. "If I'm there first," said Pat, "I'll make a cross on the wall." "And if I'm there before ye," replied Mike, "I'll rub it out. Then ye'll know I've got there first!"

THREE gentlemen being in a coffee-house, one called for a dram, *because he was hot*. "Bring me another," says his companion, *"because I am cold."* The third who sat by and heard them, very quietly called out, "Here, boy, bring me a glass, *because I like it.*"

A SCORCH farmer sold some eggs to a local squire. He discovered he had included one egg too many in the consignment, and went at once to the squire, who said laughingly that it wasn't really worth all this fuss. "You may be right," said the squire, "but anyway, have a drink, and call it square. What will you take?" "Egg and milk," said the Scotsman.

A LADY went one day to call on a famous painter who could express himself with emphasis. Her ceaseless chatter did not even allow him to get in a word edgewise. At last a pause to take breath gave him time to say: "We had boiled mutton and turnips for dinner to-day." "What a strange observation!" exclaimed the lady. "Why," he said, "it is as good as anything you have been saying for the last two hours."

A JEW who had borrowed money from a friend used to walk up and down his bedroom, night after night, till he nearly drove his wife crazy. After he had been at it about a week she said to him: "Moses, vy do you walk up and down de

(Continued at foot of next column)

Men

BY LIONEL SCOTT

Spring Fancies.—With the weights out for the Lincoln Handicap and Grand National, the question of finding the "double" is interesting racing enthusiasts. On looking through the lists, I am inclined to fancy Jarvie as a long shot for the Lincoln, while Conjuror II. should be a reasonably good thing for the National.

For Winter Evenings.—Lots of amusement can be got out of home billiard tables, and I hear there is quite a revival in this pastime. If any of my readers are thinking of purchasing one they should look in at Messrs. Jelks & Sons, 263-275, Holloway Road, who have a fine selection of these tables.

Men's Sales.—Nowadays men take as much interest in sales as the fair sex, and where there are bargains to be had you will find them in swarms. Only last week, in a hosier's not far from Piccadilly Circus, I noticed quite a struggle going on over some tie bargains.

Dance Well.—One of the most popular schools of dancing is presided over by Miss Eve Tynegate-Smith, at 27, Shaftesbury Avenue (opposite the Trocadero). Her pupils are very carefully coached in style—a most important point of dancing so often neglected by the average instructor.

room all de night?" He said: "I walk up and down de room, Rebecca, because I am so vorried. I owe Isaacs ten guineas, and I cannot pay him." "Vell," said his wife, "if I vos you, I should go back to bed and let Isaacs walk up and down his room. It's his vorry, ain't it?"

A YOUNG man applied to a farmer for the hand of one of his three daughters. The farmer proceeded to explain. "Before you say which one you want, young man, I may say that I propose to dowder them according to their age. Clara, who is forty, will have a thousand pounds; Elizabeth, who is thirty, will have five hundred pounds; while Dorothy, who is twenty-five, will only get two hundred pounds. Now which of 'em do you want?" The suitor then said, hesitatingly: "I suppose, sir, you haven't another daughter about sixty-five, have you?"

THE CHAMPION JOE MILLER

THE Squire noticed that his decanter of sherry grew steadily emptier. With a view to prevent the "evaporation," he filled it with the vilest decoction he could compound. The sherry still decreased.

He called up the old butler. His explanation was thoroughly satisfactory. "I give the cook two wineglasses for your soup every evening," he said.

A Society Clown

BY GEORGE GROSSMITH
THE SAVOYARD

CHAPTER XLVI.

The following story was told to me by an old-time actor.

I had been tempted a hundred miles from home by the offer of an engagement, and arrived with just a few shillings in my pocket. I was informed that I could, share a bed with another lodger, and tempted by the price, I closed with the offer. I was soon between the sheets. But sleep was out of the question. Curiosity to see my companion kept me awake. The neighbouring church clock was just striking twelve when there entered a man, gaunt and cadaverous of countenance.

I greeted him with a civil "Good evening." He answered only with a surly grunt. From his pocket he presently drew a large knife. Next, from another pocket, he took a piece of chalk, and, going down upon his knees, he drew upon the floor a circle. This business being concluded, he took the knife, seated himself upon the side of the bed, and flung it from him with terrific force. Its point came down in the centre of the circle. Again and again was this strange experiment tried. It was then taken up and placed under my companion's pillow. My hand travelled quite instinctively upwards, to cover my throat, and my mind was filled with thoughts of human devils who sacrificed their victims and indulged in feasts of blood. I was too unnerved to cry out for help, and too paralysed by fear to leap to the floor and escape.

Hark! What sound was that? There was a scratching and a scraping, and then came the soft pattering of feet. What was it that moved about that awful room? More scraping, followed by a gnawing that seemed to eat into my very soul. My tongue clave to the roof of my mouth; when slowly it dawned upon me that the ogre's hand was being passed beneath his pillow. I espied that fearful glittering blade, and when I saw it raised to strike. I felt that my hour had come, and silently prayed, as I never prayed before.

Whizz! Thud! O God! What had happened? "Ha, ha!" chuckled the owner of the knife. And as he struck a light a strange courage seemed to take possession of me, and I seized him by the throat and cried, "Monster! What deed of blood is this?"

He answered only "Rats!" And there, indeed, within his magic circle, lay a full-grown rat, transfixed by his awful knife.

"Why, what a fool you are," he exclaimed, as he shook me off. "Let me explain. Since I have lodged here that

(Continued at foot of next column)

Broadcasts

PICKED UP BY CHARLES B. COCHRAN

"What are you?" a woman was asked in Bow County Court.

"One of those very necessary evils—a mother-in-law."

"I had been to the pictures with another girl."—Woman of sixty-eight in Northumberland.

"He is an Army bandsman. He swears like Satan and plays like an angel."—Hampshire witness.

"I have a business selling frocks and my husband is apprenticed to me," said a woman in Shoreditch County Court.

Policeman at Stratford: "I found him lying on the footpath drunk."

Irishman: "He's proving me guilty before I am thried, begorra."

"When your wife makes a pudding and you cannot tell it from a linseed poultice there is some excuse for being angry."
—Norfolk Husband

When a woman was asked in the Lambeth County Court, "Are you related to the last witness?" she replied, "Indeed, no! He's my husband."

"My husband is a little quiet man, and never speaks if I am present to speak for him," explained a woman at Marylebone County Court.

"My husband brings home every penny he earns," declared a woman at Southwark County Court.

"Then he is a wonder," commented the Judge.

THE CHAMPION BROADCAST.

Devonshire magistrate to a young husband accused of desertion: "I am afraid that you do not understand women."

Husband: "Well, you see I was always a bachelor before I married her."

beast has disturbed my nightly slumbers. I've tried poison, but without success. On my way home I thought of a plan to be rid of my tormentor by means of my professional skill. I am the great Hong-Kong-Ki-Ki, performer of the great impalement trick. I stick knives at twenty yards between all your fingers without touching you. See?"

I could not answer, but sank back on my pillow to reflect upon the truth of the adage that poverty makes us acquainted with strange bed-fellows.

(Continued next week.)

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and how he came to make the Golden Journey to Samarkand

A Play in Five Acts

by

JAMES ELROY FLECKER

Arranged for Production on the Stage by BASIL DEAN

The Characters in the Order of their Appearance :

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SELIM..	„ Mr. S. Esmé Percy *
YASMIN	„ Miss Isabel Jeans
A PORTER	„ Mr. Sydney Bland
THE CALIPH, Haroun Al Raschid	„ Mr. Malcolm Keen *
ISHAK, his Minstrel	„ Mr. Leon Quartermaine
JAFAR, his Vizier	„ Mr. Frank Cochrane
MASRUR, his Executioner	„ Mr. Edmund Willard
RAFI, King of the Beggars	„ Mr. Basil Gill
ALDER	} slaves	}	„ Miss Rita Page
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THE CHIEF OF THE POLICE	„ Mr. Alfred Clark
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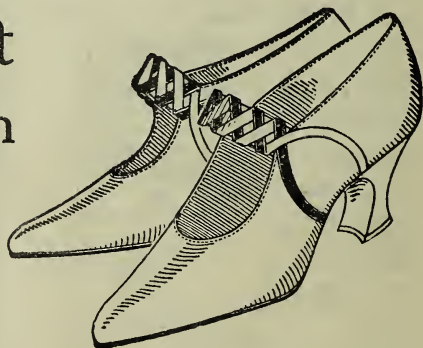
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ACT I.

SCENE 1.—*A Room behind the Shop of Hassan the Confectioner, in old Bagdad.*

One Minute Interval.

SCENE 2.—*The Street of Felicity by the Fountain of the Two Pigeons. Moonlight. The Same Day.*

Three Minutes Interval.

ACT II.

SCENE 1.—*A Room in the House of the Moving Walls. The Same Night.*

One Minute Interval.

SCENE 2.—*In the Street of Felicity again. Dawn of the Day following.*

Eight Minutes Interval.

ACT III.

SCENE 1.—*A Private Apartment within a Pavilion in the Garden of the Caliph. The Same Day.*

One Minute Interval.

SCENE 2.—*The Outer Hall of the Palace. The Caliph's Divan on the Afternoon of the Same Day.*

Eight Minutes Interval.

ACT IV.

SCENE 1.—*In the Vaults of the Palace. Towards Sunset of the Same Day.*
(N.B.—This Scene will not be performed).

SCENE 2.—*The Cell of the King of the Beggars. At Sunset.*

One Minute Interval.

ACT V.

SCENE 1.—*The Garden of the Palace of the Caliph in Front of the Pavilion. Nightfall of the following Day.*

Four Minutes Interval.

SCENE 2.—*At the Gate of the Moon, Bagdad. Towards Dawn of the Morrow.*

For the comfort and convenience of the audience it is suggested that they remain seated during all but the two long intervals

The audience is respectfully requested to refrain from talking when the lights are lowered for the Orchestral Preludes and Interludes which are intimately connected with the progress and development of the Play.

The Scenery made by Brunskill, London; and Robinson, Liverpool; and painted by Cecil J. Cross, and Alec. Johnstone.

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Stage Anecdotes

EDITED BY ARTHUR BOURCHIER, M.A. (Oxon.)

CHARLES COBORN, pedestrian and singer, walked from London to Land's End, 320 miles; London to Glasgow, 595 miles; and London to John o'Groat's, 791 miles, in his 70th year. In his walking tours he gives recitals en route.

PREVIOUS to the time when actresses were admitted on the English stage, all the female characters were impersonated by boys and men, and to this the comparative insignificance of Shakespeare's heroines, and many of their peculiar characteristics, are frequently attributed.

CHARLES BROOKFIELD once came upon Sir Charles Wyndham seated in Garrick's chair at the Garrick Club at the time he was acting in *David Garrick*. "My dear Wyndham," Brookfield cried, "I must say you look more and more like Garrick every day." The delighted Wyndham purred vehemently—until Brookfield added, "And less and less like him every night."

As Dicky Suett was entering the stage door at Covent Garden Theatre, one pouring wet night, he was tapped on the shoulder by a dun, who had been laying in wait for him saying, "I believe your name is Suett, sir?" "Oh, no!" replied Dicky, escaping from the clutches of his aggressor; "I'm dripping." Dripping happened to be the name of another actor in the same company.

"THE COCK TAVERN" in Fleet Street has its theatrical history. Pepys dined there with the actress, Mrs. Knipp; and the tavern was not unknown to Charles the Second's pretty lady, Nell Gwynne. Oliver Goldsmith received from its rich and vitalising wines many a good line for his comedy, "She Stoops to Conquer." Sheridan was one of its visitors; so was Garrick; and so were the first of the Farrens and the first of the Kembles. W. S. Gilbert frequently fed here, and in the days when his and Sullivan's "H.M.S. Pinafore" was running at the Opera Comique, he was often seen at "The Cock" with George Grossmith.

THERE was some humour in the retort of a country actor of the name of Knipe to the famous Barry, who was impatient of the incompetency of the players engaged with him. "Do not speak your speech, sir, in that drawling way," said Barry, in his energetic manner. "Look at me, sir! Speak it in this way, 'To ransom home revolted Mortimer!' that

(Continued at foot of next column)

Theatrical Sayings

BY WISE MEN AND WOMEN

FRED ASTAIRE.—I want to become a composer of popular music.

CLEMENCE DANE.—The life of the cities to-day is no life for a woman.

MORRIS GEST.—London is slower than Paris or New York in taking up novelty.

JAMES AGATE (*Sunday Times*).—There is no reason why a bad actor should not be a connoisseur of drama.

BERNARD SHAW.—The ideal of government of the people for the people is sound, but government by the people will fail.

MADGE TITHERADGE.—Women wear sensible clothes nowadays, and they don't faint.

ST. JOHN ERVINE.—Young people have learned to distrust the judgment of their elders.

JULIAN HERBAGE.—Directly the British public realise the beauty of our own old musicians they will cease to find any attraction in jazz.

BEVERLEY NICHOLS (*Weekly Dispatch*).—The time is approaching when the theatre may cease to be only an unorganised amusement, for already it is starting to be a national institution.

is the way to speak it, sir." To which the actor immediately replied, "I know that, sir, that *is* the way; but you'll please to remember you get £100 a week for speaking it in *your* way, and I only get thirty shillings for *mine*. Give me £100, and I'll speak it in *your* way; but I'm not going to do for thirty shillings what you get paid £100 for."

IN my early days—and nights—at that renowned Surrey-side Drama Temple, the Old Vic., we had many a drama and melodrama which would nowadays be labelled "Pussyfoot" Plays. These often terrible Temperance tragedies included "The Bottle; or The Drunkard's Fate," based by T. P. Taylor (a prolific playwright of the period) on Cruikshank's realistic series of pictures of the same name. In this really shudderful teetotal drama each act ends with a situation of crescendo horror, accompanied by the tag: "And so, he (or she) seeks (or 'they seek') consolation in the Bottle!" (Crash of Music!)—*H. Chance Newton.*

A CONFESSION

The law forbids buying chocolates after a certain hour, but I confess I have bought them myself without a twinge of conscience.—Mr. J. A. R. CAIRNS, *The Metropolitan Police Magistrate.*

Curiosities

COLLECTED BY W. H. BERRY

WESTMINSTER ABBEY contains a wax-works of dead kings and queens, and other famous people.

At St. Anne's Church, Wardour Street, Soho, is buried a king—Theodore of Corsica, who died in abject poverty in 1756.

HANDKERCHIEFS were formerly made in any shape; it was not until 1784 that they became square, at the wish of Marie Antoinette, the tragic French queen.

THE owl, when it is seen in the daytime, presents a curious appearance. Though really sleepy, its huge eyes, almost sightless in the strong light, give it an air of extreme wide-awakeness, and their size, emphasised as it is by the curious disc of teathers surrounding them, is further magnified by their singular steadiness, only broken by an occasional blink.

THE swan is still regarded as a royal bird by law, and by a statute of Edward IV., no persons otherwise than those connected with the Crown, are able to possess swans on the Thames, while, in Queen Elizabeth's time, in the thirty-fourth year of her reign, the question of marking swans was specially set forth, and swans that were not marked were declared to belong to the King by his prerogative.

THE Lord Chancellor is the representative of the Sovereign in the House of Lords, but he cannot preside over his own elevation, and therefore the empty throne symbolises the presence of the Sovereign. The covering is removed from it, showing the richly embroidered representation of the Royal coat of arms, and the gilt rails usually in front of the throne are also removed, as if the King himself was present to take his seat.

It is surprising how few people know the height of most of our famous men. King George is 5 ft. 7 in. in height; Lord Curzon is 6 ft. 1 in. in height; Mr. Austen Chamberlain is exactly 6 ft. tall, and so is Earl Balfour; Sir Edward Marshall-Hall is 5 ft. 11½ in.; Mr. Justice Darling is 5 ft. 6½ in.; Sir Arthur Conan Doyle is 6 ft. 1 in.; Sir Hall Caine is 5 ft. 7 in.; and Sir James Barrie is 5 ft. 5 in.; the Bishop of London is 5 ft. 10 in.; the Rev. R. J. Campbell is 5 ft. 9 in. The tallest well-known actor is no doubt Mr. Arthur Bouchier, who is 5 ft. 10½ in.; while the shortest famous composer is Mr. Edward German, who is 5 ft. 3½ in.

Continued at foot of next column

Questions and Answers

GOOD, BAD, AND OTHERWISE

What nation does a criminal most dread?—Condemnation.

What musical instrument invites you to fish?—Cast-a-net.

Why is a Member of Parliament like a shrimp?—Because he has M.P. at the end of his name.

Why is a mouse like a hayrick?—Because the cat'll (cattle) eat it.

What teeth never bite?—The teeth of a comb.

Why is the crocodile the most deceitful of all creatures?—Because his countenance is most open when he is "taking us in."

Why is a good barber like a bad chauffeur?—Because they both give you a close shave.

How do we know that Lord Byron was good-tempered?—Because he always kept his collar (choler) down.

How can you ask a man if he is ill, only using four letters?—RUCD (are you seedy)?

The more that is taken from me, the bigger I grow, and the more that is put in me, the smaller I grow: what am I?—A hole in the ground.

When is it dangerous to enter a church?—When there is a canon in the reading-desk or a great gun in the pulpit.

Would you rather an elephant killed you, or a gorilla?—Rather the elephant killed the gorilla.

MANY of the Peers do not sit in the Upper House of Parliament under the titles by which they are generally known. The Duke of Hamilton sits as the Duke of Brandon; the Duke of Abercorn not as a Duke at all, but as the Marquis of Abercorn; the Duke of Buccleuch as Earl, as he is Earl of Doncaster; the Duke of Montrose also as an Earl, as he is Earl Graham; the Duke of Atholl as Earl Strange; and the Duke of Roxborough as Earl Innes.

SODA water seems to have been invented about the middle of the eighteenth century, but took a long time to win popular favour. At one of the famous Roxburghe Club dinners, in July, 1815, the waiters' account, amid about four dozen of wines of various sorts, includes the modest item of 2s. for "soder," and at another banquet of the same society three years later, soda water figures at 12s. out of a total expenditure on drinks of £32 13s. The apparently unrecorded genius who first combined soda with brandy or whisky was doubtless responsible for an enormous increase in its popularity.

Women

BY MARGOT CARROLL

Finis.—The sales outstayed their welcome and one was thankful for an end of the big-ticketed jumble of weird garments in the shop windows. Now we wait until the curtain rises on Fashion's stage, to see wherewithal we're to be clothed.

Saved!—A Perfect Darling, hard-up, like a lot of the Best to-day, was frightfully bucked when we blew in to tea at the delightful Court Restaurant, Marylebone Lane, just off Oxford Street, and saw the glad announcement "Dancing Free."

A Hint.—Elbows are so often red or rough or sharp that it's a wonder more care isn't taken of them. Resting them on the table is fatal. Rubbing with Aline Carle's softening Amethyne, from 119, New Bond Street, keeps them soft.

Advice.—Don't put a thick black line under your eyes if you're fair. Makes them look hard, and the face much older. Darken your lashes, but not the skin.

The Expert.—One of the cleverest hair-dressers has a salon at 28, Orange Street, Haymarket. If your crowning glory is not a glory—hair can be downright ugly—it's wonderful how Louis transforms it.

Fame.—Good old Kettner's! What glad times our forbears had there. Yet it probably wasn't half as attractive, or the cuisine so good as it is under Giordano to-day. Had the cheeriest supper there last week.

Now You Know!—Here's a tip if you're keen on curtailing your curves: "Don't touch butter or bananas, and drink as little as you can." If you're too bony for beauty, reverse the regimen.

Dissatisfied.—It's a world of grouching. Everybody wants what they haven't got; fat folks want to be thin; thin folks want to be fat; single girls want to be married; and the married wish to goodness they were single again, what?

Oh, Auntie!—Nothing like being precocious. Already those energetic ladies who call themselves Universal Aunts, at 181, Sloane Street and 48, Dover Street, are arranging parties for the Wembley Exhibition. Their bustling booklet, "Aunts' Activities," left me tired.

Her Secret.—"Oil your face and you'll never look old," a Swedish actress told me, middle-aged, but with a lovely skin. "I use an Eastern oil called Ganesh, from your famous beauty woman, Mrs. Adair, at 92, New Bond Street.

Homelike.—Took the Swedish beauty to tea at the pretty little Mimosa, 21, Green Street, corner of Leicester Square. "I do love this delicious English tea," said she, and pronounced the hot home-made scones even better than Swedish ones.

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Plays and Players

BY HANNEN SWAFFER
"MR. LONDON," of the *Daily Graphic*

No. 9.—Mrs. PAT'S CONFESSION

When Mrs. Patrick Campbell, the most beautiful and fascinating actress of her time, wrote her memoirs, "My Life and Some Letters," she made the confession that, of all men in the world, it was Horatio Bottomley who financed *Nelson's Enchantress* when Forbes-Robertson put it on at the Avenue Theatre in 1897, and that, afterwards, he financed *Hamlet* at the Lyceum when Mrs. Campbell played Ophelia, and also found the money for the tour which Forbes-Robertson and Mrs. Pat made in Germany, to be called "nerve aristocrats" by the Germans, and to be told by the Kaiser, "I wish you would teach my actors not to shout."

At the time her book was being devoured by a fascinated world, Mrs. Patrick Campbell was playing one-night stands in Bath and Bedford, and towns like that, filling in a week in this way during a tour of *Hedda Gabler* through the provinces. It is a terrible thing to say of England that the most interesting stage personality since Irving, instead of running her own theatre in the West End—a temple of art, an inspiration, and a delight—was touring *Hedda Gabler* in small towns!

Mrs. Campbell did not complain, although, after pages and pages of adulation quoted from the letters of Bancroft and Shaw, and Barrie and Tree, her memoirs largely dealt with the financial troubles of her life.

"Only my anxiety about money made me get up from a sick-bed," she said. "I had acted so seldom during the last few years, and then only short engagements. I was hard pressed. I had waited in London for nearly two years for a miracle to happen."

And so she actually had to recite a prologue and epilogue for a film!

Mrs. Campbell reminded us how, while her father was once worth nearly half-a-million pounds, her elopement with her first husband, Patrick Campbell, was followed by poverty and illness; so she had to learn acting, and tour at £2 10s. a week. Illness came; her managers thought she was "ineffective," and gave her notice; and then, a few weeks later, discovered by George Alexander's wife while completing her engagement, her glorious Paula Tanqueray burst upon London one night, and she was famous.

Magda, Mrs. Ebbsmith, Melisande, Electra, Deirdre, her best parts are written for all time on the pages of stage history.

(Continued at foot of next column)

Guide to London

Specially compiled for
THE MAGAZINE-PROGRAMME

It is estimated that an average of 450,000 visitors are always staying in London. To these must be added 7,500,000, the population of Greater London, making a grand total of 7,950,000. Most of these people are theatre-goers and readers of THE MAGAZINE PROGRAMME. It is for their reference and convenience that this guide is published.

HISTORICAL

WESTMINSTER ABBEY: Historical monuments. Poets' Corner. The grave of the Unknown Warrior. 9.30 to dusk. Free. Royal Chapels. Mondays free. Other days, 6d.

TOWER OF LONDON: Ancient Fortress and State Prison. Crown Jewels. Traitors' Gate. Bloody Tower, &c. Open daily except Sundays. 10 to 5. Saturdays free. Other days, 1s. 6d.

MONUMENT: Fish Street Hill. Erected in commemoration of the Great Fire of London. 9 to 4. 6d.

ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL: Graves of Nelson, Wellington and Sir Christopher Wren. Free. Crypt, 6d. Whispering Gallery, 6d. Golden Gallery and Ball, 1s. 9 to 5.

GUILDHALL: Museum. Art Gallery. Library. Gog and Magog, &c. 10 to 5. Free.

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ROYAL EXCHANGE: Cornhill. Rare Frescoes

OLD LONDON WALL: In disused churchyard at the top of Wood Street.

LONDON DOCKS: Extending from Tower Bridge to Woolwich. Many objects of interest.

YE OLDE COCK TAVERN: 22, Fleet Street (Founded 1549). Oldest and most historical in London, immortalized by Dr. Johnson, Tennyson and Goldsmith. Send P.O. 1/3 for most interesting book, "Rambles round Old Temple Bar." Illustrated.

[Continued overleaf]

And yet she had to go on tour to prevent herself from going bankrupt, and, although American Society was at her feet, she was paying off her debts with the record sums she earned—£2,000 in three weeks, and £7,000 in twenty-two.

Then came glory in London—but, alas! no money.

"After my loss at the Criterion Theatre, there was nothing for it but America again," she says.

And then came her last splendid failure in London, in 1920, *George Sand*, at the Duke of York's Theatre, when, as the great French authoress, she wore trousers, smoked a cigar, and made love, as only Mrs. Pat can do it.

But lots of people laughed, argued about her trousers, and said the cigar was not real; and lots of other people merely said it was all silly.

"After the second act, I felt inclined to come before the curtain and tell the audience the Coliseum was across the road," wrote Shaw to her.

And so she is on tour, and London wants actresses!

HANNEN SWAFFER.

HISTORICAL—continued

WATERLOO BRIDGE: Considered the finest bridge in Europe.

ROMAN BATH: No. 5, Strand Lane. Open Saturdays from 11 to 5. 6d.

INNS OF COURT: The Temple, Lincoln's Inn, Staple Inn, Gray's Inn, Clifford's Inn, Middle Temple Hall, &c.

PUBLIC RECORD OFFICE: Chancery Lane. Historical State papers and records.

HAMPTON COURT: The home of Cardinal Wolsey. Historical pictures, furniture and tapestries. The Maze, &c. Open daily, except Fridays, 10 to 4. Sundays, 2 to 4. Tuesdays, 1s. Other days, 6d. Food and refreshment free.

WINDSOR CASTLE: The King's residence. State apartments, St. George's Chapel, Eton College, &c. Open daily, except Fridays, 11 to 4. 1s. Bank Holidays, 6d.

LAMBETH PALACE: Lambeth Bridge. Admission by ticket on application to the Secretary.

CHARTERHOUSE: Charterhouse Square. "The most venerable monument of Old London." Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays only, at 3 p.m. 1s.

NELL GWYNNE'S TAVERN: Now a saloon at the Winter Garden Theatre.

TOWER HILL: Byward Street. Place of execution. Tower Bridge, &c.

CHELSEA HOSPITAL: Founded by Nell Gwynne. Daily, 10 to dusk. 1s.

GREENWICH HOSPITAL: Royal Naval College. Royal Observatory. Naval Museum. Nelson Relics. Daily, 10 to 4 (Friday excepted). Sunday 2 to 4. Free.

STAPLE INN: Holborn. Quaint Elizabethan houses. The oldest in London.

YORK WATER GATE: A beautiful structure by Inigo Jones.

TYBURN TREE: Marble Arch. Indicated by a stone in the roadway inscribed "Here stood Tyburn Tree, removed 1759."

CHARLES I. STATUE: Trafalgar Square. Regarded as the finest piece of statuary in London.

HORSE GUARDS: Whitehall. The picturesque "Changing of the Guard" occurs daily at 11.

CHESHIRE CHEESE: Wine Office Court. Frequented by Johnson and Goldsmith.

ART GALLERIES

NATIONAL GALLERY: Trafalgar Square. 10 to dusk. Sunday, 2 to dusk. Sunday, Wednesday and Saturday, free. Other days, 6d.

NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY: Trafalgar Square. 10 to dusk. Sunday, 2 to dusk. Wednesday and Saturday, free. Other days, 6d.

TATE GALLERY: Grosvenor Road. 10 to dusk. Sunday, 2 to dusk. Tuesday, Wednesday, 1s. Other days, free.

MEDICI GALLERIES: 7, Grafton Street. The world's great masters. 10 to dusk. Free.

PLACES OF GENERAL INTEREST

HOUSES OF LORDS AND COMMONS: Saturday, Easter and Whit-Monday and Tuesday. 10 to 3.30. Free.

ST. JAMES'S PARK: St. James's Palace. Buckingham Palace. Horse Guards. Queen Victoria's Memorial, &c.

HYDE PARK: Albert Memorial. Ladies' Mile. Riding. Boating &c.

KENSINGTON GARDENS: Kensington Palace. Statue of Peter Pan, &c.

REGENT'S PARK: Boating. Tennis.

ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS: Regent's Park. 9 to sunset. Monday, 6d. Other days, 1s.

BOTANICAL GARDENS: Regent's Park. Horticulture. Botany. Tennis, &c. Admission, 1s.

KEW GARDENS: The world's great School of Horticulture. 10 to dusk. Tuesday and Friday, 6d. Other days, 1d.

THE CENOTAPH: Whitehall.

LAW COURTS: Strand.

STOCK EXCHANGE: Capel Court.

WESTMINSTER HALL: Westminster Bridge.

IMPERIAL INSTITUTE: South Kensington. 10 to 4. Free.

WOOLWICH ARSENAL: Admission by order from the War Office. Whitehall.

HAMPSTEAD HEATH: Lovely walks and views. Pitt House, &c.

PLACES OF GENERAL INTEREST—continued

HERALDS' COLLEGE: Queen Victoria Street. Pedigrees, Genealogies, &c.

LORDS' CRICKET GROUND: St. John's Wood Road, N.W.

BROMPTON ORATORY: Roman Catholic Church, Kensington. Admission Free at all times.

CLEOPATRA'S NEEDLE: Victoria Embankment. Brought from Heliopolis in 1878.

CARLYLE'S HOUSE: 24, Cheyne Row, Chelsea. Interesting relics, furniture, &c. 10 till sunset. 1s. Saturday, 6d.

DR. JOHNSON'S HOUSE: 17, Gough Square, Fleet Street. Daily, 10.30 to 4.30. Free.

JOHN WESLEY'S HOUSE (now a museum): 47, City Road, E.C. Open daily (except Sunday), 10 to 1 and 2 to 4. 6d.

LORD BYRON'S HOUSE: 24, Holles Street, Cavendish Square.

CAPTAIN COOK'S HOUSE: 88, Mile End Road.

CHARLES DICKENS' HOUSE: 48, Doughty Street, Mecklenburgh Square.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH'S HOUSE: 2, Brick Court, Temple.

WILLIAM HOGARTH'S HOUSE: 30, Leicester Square.

JOHN MILTON'S HOUSE: 124, Bunhill Row.

LORD NELSON'S HOUSE: 147, New Bond Street.

SAMUEL PEPYS' HOUSE: 14, Buckingham Street, Strand.

W. M. THACKERAY'S HOUSE: 16, Young Street, Kensington.

MUSEUMS

BRITISH MUSEUM: Bloomsbury. 9 to sunset. Free.

SOUTH KENSINGTON: Brompton. 10 to 4. Sunday, 2.30 to 6. Free.

LONDON MUSEUM: Cleveland Row. 10 to 6. Friday and Sunday, 2 to 6. Tuesday, 1s., Wednesday and Thursday, 6d. Other days, free.

SIR JOHN SOANE'S MUSEUM: Lincoln's Inn Fields. 10.30 to 5. Free. (Closed until end of February).

UNITED SERVICE MUSEUM: Whitehall. 10 to 5. 1s. Men in uniform, free.

MUSEUM OF PRACTICAL GEOLOGY: Jermyn Street. Thursday and Saturday, 10 to 9. Other days, 10 to 4. Free.

NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM: Cromwell Road. 10 to 5. Free.

WALLACE COLLECTION: Manchester Square. Tuesday and Friday, 6d. Other days, free. 10 to 5.

RIDING SCHOOLS

W. J. SMITH, Ltd., Little Cadogan Place, Pont Street, S.W. Finest Tuition. Children Speciality. Lessons from £6 6s. doz. Good hacks. Vic. 3036.

WINE AND SPIRIT MERCHANTS

CASTLE & CO., Ltd., 15, Foley Street, Mortimer Street, W.1. Museum 3121. Sole Agents for Black & Ferguson's Whiskies.

All communications with reference to the Guide to London should be made to Grantley & Co., 48, Leicester Square, W.C.2. Gerrard 3730.

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THEATRE AFTER**

9.30

Theatrical Competition

A PRIZE OF TWO STALLS EACH WEEK

No. 46 COMPETITION

1. Which is the noted actor whose surname suggests sugar?
2. Which is the prominent theatre manager whose surname suggests a Socialist's dream?
3. Which is the popular play whose title suggests a diminutive young lady?

Answer these three conundrums on a postcard, and add your name and address. Also the theatre you would like to visit, with the date you prefer—which should be at least ten days in advance. State evening or matinee. We will forward two stalls to the sender of the first correct answer we read—or the nearest attempt to the correct one. Closing date Feb. 12th. Our decision to be accepted. Reply to COMPETITION, GRANTLEY & Co., 48, Leicester Square.

No. 44 COMPETITION

THE CORRECT ANSWERS

1. Which is the famous playwright whose surname suggests a seaside town? B. Macdonald Hastings.
2. Which is the noted actress the first syllable of whose surname suggests a vehicle? Violet Vanbrugh.
3. Which is the popular play whose initials are those of an equally popular journalist? "Peter Pan" and Phillip Page.

The first correct answer we read on Jan. 29th was contributed by Miss Violet Russell, 85, Woodpecker Road, New Cross, S.E. 14, to whom two stalls have been sent.

250,000 Playgoers read these conundrums every week. Many compete, but few succeed. Will you try?

The following is an answer to several correspondents:—
Theatre-goers may send in any number of replies to each Competition, but they must use a separate postcard for each answer.

5.00 on thin paper

3^{D.})